

THE
P A P H I A D,
OR
KENSINGTON-GARDENS.

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO
HER GRACE,
THE
D U C H E S S
OF
D E V — N — R E.

Et vera incessu patuit Dea.

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THE
DEDICATION.

AS it is usual to prefix a name to all publications, the Author of the following lines hopes Your Grace will permit him to deck his own Composition with at least one lasting wreath of praise, by suffering him to dedicate it to the Duchefs of DEV—N—RE.

Vanity must, and ought always to be a principal ingredient in the composition of a Poet ; a desire of commendation, a ruling motive : and if the Author has no other claim, his ambition is here praise-worthy, and his choice of a Patroness must at least be a conspicuous mark of his discernment.

a

There

There was a Poem published some time ago under the title of the *Diabo-Lady*, and dedicated to the Worst Woman. The Author of the following lines thought it a debt due to the merit of his fair Countrywomen, to stand forth in their defence, and shew that there still remains a superior number of the really Virtuous, and that the Great and Good support the cause. Now, as he knew no one who so justly deserves the title of Great, Good, and Fair, as Your Grace, he has taken the liberty to hold out those Virtues to the public eye, which have so long been the pleasing subject of every private circle. I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid the severe; nor have I lanced a dart at any, but whose conduct has been so notorious as to make them the objects of public satire. Far be it from the Author, to seek demerits in the *British* Fair; but when Vice becomes the *Ton*, and the loss of Virtue is openly gloried in, it is but just to give Infamy the reward that she so loudly calls for, by celebrating the never-fading charms of native Modesty.

May

May then the Goddess herself (in remembrance of the decision on *Ida*) inspire candor into the bosom of her fair SUBSTITUTE, and prompt Her to look with a favourable eye upon a composition, which thus openly dares to support that Throne, which *Paris* first had the glory to raise !

The Author.

May the the Gospel be in the hearts of the
people on the island of the South Sea
Islands, and may the Gospel be in the hearts of the
people of the South Sea Islands.

THE
P A P H I A D;
OR
KENSINGTON-GARDENS.

Et vera incessu patuit Dea.——

WHEN the bright Sun, deep sunk beneath the Main,
To peaceful Luna leaves the nightly reign;
When all is hush'd, and mortals here below
Their cares forget—or dream of future woe;
When each sweet herb its fragrant scents displays,
And spicy gale on purest æther plays;
Through the dark gloom, the solemn Bird of Night,
And tuneful Philomel, their woes recite
On this terrestrial globe:—then 'wake above
The wanton Legions of the *Paphian* Grove;

B

On

On chearful wing their merry vigils keep,
 And bid defiance to the God of Sleep.
 No withering blasts can taint their tepid air ;
 Rapture, Delight, and Harmony are there :
 These all around the blisful region move,
 Sacred to *Venus*, and the GOD of LOVE.

Once, as they stray'd, or sportive busy flew,
 A sound was heard—the *Paphian* trumpet blew :
 On *Ida*'s top a winged Herald stands,
 And with loud blast proclaims the Queen's commands :
 High, on a myrtle's bending wreath, he stood,
 And at a look, earth, sea, and heavens view'd ;
 The sound, he knew, must through each cavern ring,
 And each stray'd Power to the summons bring.

“ Aërial Sprites, Sylphs, Seraphs, Wishes, Hours,
 “ Defires chaste, or soft-deluding Powers ;
 “ All you that hover round the melting Maid,
 “ And urge her on to love—and be betray'd ;

“ Who

" Who fondly riot in the wanton kifs,
 " Or lead young couples to connubial blifs ;
 " Ye foft Attendants of each blooming Fair,
 " To PAPHOS' COURT on speedy wing repair :
 " A Council's call'd—the Queen, in pomp of ftate,
 " In perfon there will your attendance wait :
 " With active pinion cut the liquid air,
 " For, Powers, know—that *Cupid* will be there."

Submiffive, at the word, whole troops attend,
 And, like a painted fun-beam, fwift ascend ;
 With Bows unstrung, from every quarter rife,
 And, in clofe phalanx, blacken half the fkies.
 Thus, from his hive, gay flies the roving Bee ;
 Extracts each sweet, and fips each favourite tree ;
 But, home return'd, draws in his vengeful ftिंग,
 And humbly buzzes round his gaudy King.

In the sweet fhade of *Paphos'* fragrant wood,
 A fecret bower of cluster'd myrtles flood :

Acrofs

Across the dome two breathing woodbines twine ;
 The rose, the jessamine, their essence join
 To feast the sense ; here, springing ever new,
 The modest lily, and the violet blew :
 All *Flora's* beauties grac'd the sacred grove,
 Where gentle *Venus* held the Court of Love.

High on a throne, of beaten roses made,
 The smiling Queen her airy troops survey'd :
 Close by her side the blooming Graces stood,
 Her form with wonder, and with envy view'd ;
 Though fair each Maid, her beauty, beaming far,
 Flash'd like a planet o'er each meaner star.
 A flowery wreath her golden ringlets grac'd,
 The mystic cestus bound her taper waist ;
 Each charm, just shaded by the purple vest,
 Through the thin veil transparent stood confessed ;
 And so contriv'd, that what might seem conceal'd,
 Shone still the more luxuriantly reveal'd.

Beneath

Beneath a shade her iv'ry chariot flood ;
 With purest gold the burnish'd axle glow'd ;
 Loose, and unharnes'd, flew the milk-white Doves,
 Sport in the air, or wanton with the Loves.

The little Archer by his Mother sat :
 His Guards attend in all the pomp of state ;
 Gay on the vines their golden quivers hung,
 Untipt their arrows, and their bows unstrung ;
 Yet, ready form'd, if orders came, to roam ;
 (The bravest Warriors are unarm'd at home.)

The Court was fat, when, like the new-born rose,
 Lo! blushing *Venus* from her throne arose.
 E'en things inanimate were seen to move ;—
 A living tremor quiver'd through the Grove.
 Around their Queen the jointless Sylphs attend,
 And fleeting, incorporeal, light descend :
 Some wheel around, and hurtle in the air,
 Play on her lip, or flutter in her hair ;

The golden locks with playful wing divide,
 Or kifs the wreath by *Flora's* finger ty'd;
 When thus she spoke: "*Cupid*, my Son, give ear:
 " —Your Queen's command, ye Powers of *Paphos*, hear;
 " All you who loiter in *Idalia's* Grove,
 " Or fondly issue the decrees of Love;
 " Or you who, ranging, wait on realms below,
 " (You have a clearer sense of human woe)
 " Will doubtless join in this our new decree,
 " And, Mortals favouring, must agree with Me.

" You know, long since, by *Paris'* judge-like voice,
 " I stood the object of his envy'd choice:
 " The Gods themselves confirm'd his just decree;
 " The Palm of Beauty was resign'd to me:
 " Though two great Goddesses on *Ida* strove,
 " *Venus* was chose the naked Queen of Love—
 " Of Love, as well as Beauty—mark me here;
 " (To clear all errors be our future care.)

Since

" Since that decisive hour, a motley Swarm
 " My Courts, my Temples, in confusion storm :
 " Modest, immodest, for protection cry,
 " And at the throne of Beauty prostrate lie :
 " Prayers of all sorts promiscuous reach our throne ;
 " They ask our aid, and yet our power disown :
 " But, what is worse—they oft my Son despise ;
 " —Mortals oppose this terror of the skies.—
 " Lust and lewd Passion have usurp'd his name,
 " And boldly claim their Votaries the same :
 " In base disguise from breast to breast they rove,
 " Plunge their false dart, and call the mischief—Love :
 " And, as for *Venus*, half the Sex agree
 " 'Tis by their vices that they copy me.
 " To shew their fault shall be our future care ;
 " *Venus* ne'er favours, but the Virtuous Fair.
 " What though some flaunty Dame may reign alone,
 " Frail the support of such a tottering throne ;
 " The higher rais'd, the more conspicuous far ;
 " Downwards she rushes, like a falling star,

" And

“ And, like it too, can never blaze again :

“ She may exist, but strives to mount in vain.

“ My will is then—to warn each rising Fair,

“ To make true Virtue her peculiar care ;

“ Clear the dark mist that hangs before their eyes,

“ And make them, by example, good and wise.

“ I shall depute ONE BELLE, ye Powers, know,

“ As my VICEGERENT, to command below.

“ Fair she must be, (you all in that concur ;) .

“ And, as their pattern, let them look to Her.

“ She shall preside o’er every mortal scene,

“ And fix her standard as the *Paphian* Queen :

“ Let her my Graces, Pleasures, Smiles retain ;

“ The humble Virtues too shall swell her train.

“ She must have Rank ; be noble in her Birth ;

“ (The world, we know, contemns *untitled* worth :) .

“ She shall assuage this rage of lust below ;

“ Each, to be fair, must then be virtuous too.

By

" By every Flirt her steps will be pursued,
 " And thus, e'en make it Fashion to be good.
 " No more will *Hymen* (scorning *Cupid's* dart)
 " Claim a fair prize, whilst yet untouch'd the heart.
 " Hence mutual quarrels—hence adulteries rise—
 " Hence daring Mortals have blasphem'd the Skies,
 " Accusing *Venus* and her guiltless Son,
 " When acts offensive to our Court are done.
 " 'Tis by the future they must now atone :
 " Let them remember those I turn'd to stone*,
 " And henceforth learn, I bear this just device,
 " *Venus*, the QUEEN of BEAUTY—not of Vice.

" Hear then, soft Powers, your Queen's and *Cupid's* will;
 " And what you hear, as punctually fulfil :
 " We mean, to-morrow, (when the God of Day
 " Shall flash o'er *Kensington* meridian ray)

" To

* The *Propetides*, Nymphs of *Amathus* in *Cyprus*, who were made shameless prostitutes for denying the power and divinity of *Venus*, and afterwards turned to stone for their infamy.

- “ To swift descend with all our martial Powers,
“ Smiles, Graces, Virtues, Wishes, Pleasures, Hours.
“ This is the spot, where flock the *British* Fair,
“ To pass the time, and breathe a purer air :
“ There shall we see the beauteous Legions move ;
“ The Court of *Britain*—be the Court of Love.
“ Here, as they pass, unseen we'll take our post ;
“ The Crown be hers we think deserves it most.
“ Abandon'd Beauty shall no longer charm ;
“ Nor shall the guilty heart keep passion warm :
“ Modest, immodest, all will here resort ;
“ Their merits shall be try'd in open Court.
“ See how the Fair, if fallen she, will dare
“ At this great Court of Equity appear !
“ Whose will the Apple be ? who'll now be seen
“ Their Pattern Deity, their Beauty's Queen ?
“ Will it be given to the flaunting race,
“ Depriv'd of every title—but a face ?
“ Whose fatal lusts lead forth the midnight bands ?
“ To whom Adultery holds his guilty hands ?

“ 'Twill

" 'Twill not be so—I rise in their defense :

" *Britons*, when try'd, were ever men of sense.

" Then, from themselves, ye Powers, we make decree,

" Whom they approve, shall be approv'd by Me :

" Hers be the scepter, that it best shall suit ;

" And hers this token of *Hesperian* Fruit."

The Goddesses ceas'd—the trump proclaim'd her laws,
And all the smiling Senate humm'd applause.

The dawn was past ; low sunk the morning-star,
When glowing *Phæbus* in his radiant car
Whirl'd from the East, and with progressive power
Reach'd the gay summit at the wish'd-for hour.

Each thoughtless Belle, the sweet delusion past,
Rises in bed, and rings her bell in haste ;
Sleeping or waking, conquest all their theme,
Their wish by day, at night their fav'rite dream :
With numerous yawns, each bids her Maid prepare
The suit becoming—as she takes the air.

The

The gaudy wardrobe's ranfack'd o'er and o'er,
 And that charms most, that most has charm'd before :
 The point important can't be settled yet,
Lunardi's Bonnet, or the *Figaro Hat*.
 Resolv'd on conquest, each sets forth her charms,
 And different Beauty puts on different arms.
 Though each resolv'd to bear some prize away,
 They knew not yet the contest of the day.

The *Paphian* Court now left the Realms of Light,
 And pass'd (invisible to mortal fight)
 Where *Kensington's* gay scenes delight the eye ;—
 A fit retreat for such a Deity.

At length arriv'd, thus spoke the Queen of Love :
 " This goodly tree seems king of all the Grove ;
 " Here let us make our stand :—as they appear,
 " I'll tell ye what their faults, or virtues are ;
 " For from the Countess, to the Village-Maid,
 " Each in her turn has all to me betray'd."

Scarce

Scarce had she spoke—when every walk was spread,
Like painted Tulips on the Florist's bed.

Struck and transported at the pleasing view,
The sportive Archer twang'd the fatal Yew :
The sound was heard by all the Female Race,
And a faint shiver echo'd round the place.

When thus the Queen :—" Who most deserves our care,
" From Men observe ; for—see—the Belles appear.
" Behold fair D — y :—What a matchless grace !
" What harmony of shape ! how fair a face !
" Though thus she charms yon gaping Stranger's eye,
" Her failings known, each Lover drops a sigh ;
" Laments her fall : her beauty charms no more,
" Or serves but now her follies to deplore.
" Who would not grieve to hear the line he draws ?
" Alas, how chang'd ! the blooming Countess—*was*.

E

" Now

" Now turn your eyes, see lovely R——D come,
 " With every charm and virtue in its bloom :
 " Her piercing eye emits expressive rays,
 " And at a glance its power to charm displays :
 " Yet Innocence alone directs the dart,
 " And damps the Lover, as it strikes the heart.
 " But—hence, fair Dame, nor meet a Rival here ;
 " My Car shall waft thee to a different *air* :
 " There shalt thou reign in Majesty serene,
 " The idol of their hearts—*Hibernia's* Queen ;
 " There shalt thou teach her daring, sturdy Race,
 " That impudence will meet deserv'd disgrace.
 " Stop, gallant Youths, *this* bold attempt give o'er ;
 " For R——D shews her Lovers—but the door*.

" Though at first sight gay W——'s charms excell,
 " Who is there wishes such a *trotting* Belle ?
 " On prancing Steed to catch the eye from far,
 " Or form'd to shine in *Amazonian* war ;

" Beneath

* Alluding to a well-known story.

“ Beneath our care she glories to resort,
“ Where lawless Passion holds his guilty Court :
“ Above restraint, she scorns the Nuptial Tie,
“ And seeks a Lover in—*Variety** ;
“ One conquest gain’d, she tries another scheme ;
“ For, all her sense of pleasure is a *Whim** :
“ Whoe’er attacks, kind W——y still is willing,
“ Flies with her Beau, and leaves her Spouse—a *Shilling*.

“ What means yon secret whisper through the Grove ?
“ See how the charms of Virtue, Mortals love !
“ Envy’s struck dumb—pale Scandal stops her ears—
“ She shrinks abash’d, when A—B—N appears :
“ Her chaste demeanour, her enchanting smile,
“ Complacent glance, unknowing to beguile,
“ The thousand beauties that compose her form,
“ Still take from Innocence their brightest charm.
“ In every generous breast a conflict’s shewn ;
“ Who does not wish Fair A—B—N his own ?

“ Here

* In allusion to Poems upon the above Lady, by those names.

“ Here might we fix a Pattern for the Sex ;
“ But, well we know, the preference would vex.
“ Her timid Virtue seeks the lonely glade,
“ Shrinks from the glare, and courts the milder shade ;
“ In peaceful calm her gentle passions move,
“ And shew their source—Benevolence and Love :
“ She courts not praise—the Mother, and the Wife—
“ Her pride consists but in connubial life :
“ Her inbred merit, trac’d from earliest years,
“ At every look with tenfold worth appears.
“ Go on, fair Dame, with all my gifts endow’d,
“ And may you be as happy as you’re good !

“ The gay A—N—R well might claim a place ;
“ Fair is her form, and noble is her Race :
“ But, when we search her with a nicer view,
“ We read her beauties—and her failings too.

“ Lo ! graceful P—E through the crowd is seen ;
“ In worth she emulates the *British* Queen ;

“ And

“ And Beauty there must claim a meaner lot,

“ And in her blaze of Virtues be forgot.

“ What Form is that, in towering plumes array'd ?

“ Yon glittering Female seems in Masquerade.

“ I know her now—*Cosmetic* arts combine

“ To spoil those features I had form'd divine :

“ A—H—R, self-conscious, feels her own disgrace,

“ And, from mere prudence—always *hides her face*.

“ See a fair Favourite, my Son, appears ;

“ Long did your Courts resound her Lover's prayers.

“ Hail ! lovely W—G—E, born, both to excell

“ In charms of person, and in acting well.

“ Long did my *Cupid* watch thy rising charms,

“ And safely led thee to a Lover's arms :

“ When he approv'd, and thy soft heart was won,

“ *Hymen* confirm'd what *Cupid* had begun.

F

“ Bewitching



“ Bewitching CR—N, form’d all hearts to charm,
“ To raise the passion—and to keep it warm,
“ Why wouldst thou stray, regardless of thy Fame ?
“ Guilty or not, the world will judge the same ;
“ And thy contempt of blackening Envy’s hiss,
“ Makes e’en thy Virtues to appear amiss.
“ But hold—you worship at a rival Throne—
“ —*Minerva* claims fair C—N as her own.

“ Sure I’m deceiv’d—Are all my Graces here ?
“ How like in shape ! how elegant a Pair !
“ Though they are Beings of immortal race,
“ The beauteous W——VES might supply their place.

“ GR——R, behold, has lost all power to move ;
“ True Female Vanity she took for Love :
“ Pride, and a Coronet, first won the day ;
“ And the same Tempter led her more astray.
“ Virtue, thus guarded, must be soon subdu’d :
“ She stain’d her Honour—but with R—y—l Blood.

“ Sprightly

“ Sprightly by nature, volatile and gay,
“ Admir’d by most, see lovely H—L—Y :
“ An artless freedom, and a wish to please,
“ A kind of nameless negligence and ease,
“ Speak her high Birth ; whilst Innocence alone
“ Gilds the soft smile, and marks her as her own.

“ Abandon’d F——y, shun this sacred Grove,
“ Nor boast thy triumphs o’er the God of Love:
“ Herd with thy like, or tremble at thy lot ;
“ Shun this fair Crowd—and strive to be forgot.

“ With stately walk, and all-commanding air,
“ The graceful B—H—M towers above the Fair.
“ A *Juno*’s presence, a majestic grace,
“ A smile benignant lights her beauteous face :
“ Of morals spotless, of affection true ;
“ Of most the envy, and the pattern too.

“ See

“ See, loft to Friends, to Kindred, and to Fame,
 “ (Who but from Infamy retains the name)
 “ Poor L—G—R, dejected and forlorn,
 “ Falls from the pride of Coxcombs, to the scorn.
 “ This frailest Fair of all the brittle age
 “ Can hardly now a fingle thought engage.
 “ Thus beauteous China up at auction stands,
 “ —Is felt—and bid for by a thousand hands;
 “ From one to t’other in rotation past,
 “ Till down it falls—and cracks itself at last.

“ Young, all alive, wild, frolicksome, and fair,
 “ The gay T—R—L flies, like hunted hare :
 “ Too thoughtless e’en to know her power to charm,
 “ The sprightly Countess thinks, nor means, a harm ;
 “ But, inexperience’d, gives a loose to life,
 “ Nor thinks a *married* Woman—is a *Wife*.

“ With sense of conduct far beyond her years,
 “ D—K—N next among yon group appears :

Her

“ Her soft blue eyes emit a gentle ray,
“ And, as they flash, their purity display.
“ Ease, Wit, and Beauty, smile around her face ;
“ And Virtue speaks her of the S—R Race.

“ M—B—E has many merits fure to boast ;
“ Too young to bear it, she became a Toast :
“ Her youthful ears drank in the pleasing tale ;
“ (She knew not then how Scandal will prevail)
“ And, through contempt of what the World might say,
“ Gave, like a Child, her character away.

“ Lo ! arm in arm two beauteous Sisters see,
“ Emblems of Worth and Sensibility.
“ They dare be virtuous in this rage of *Ton* ;
“ Yet S—F—N’s fair, and fair is H—R—N.

“ C—RS, alas ! ill-fated, fickle Fair,
“ Though *often* warn’d, too thoughtless to beware,

G

“ A Noble

" A Noble Line by one false step disgraced ;
 " An infamy too deep to be erased.
 " Too late her error (when too late to mend)
 " She sees—and sinks without a pitying friend.
 " Thus the gay Moth, on airy wing elate,
 " Views the fell taper, and is blind to fate ;
 " Pleas'd with the light, around the flame he flies,
 " Mounts in the blaze, and sing'd, and murder'd—dies.

" A—L—D has Beauty, Elegance and Wit ;
 " Can be a Countess, and still be—discreet.

" Alas ! poor S——R ! art thou fallen too,
 " In spite of all that *Cupid's* arts could do ?
 " Faults thou hast many ; so have most, we fear ;
 " But for those faults you surely pay too dear :
 " For, put thy Virtues in the other scale,
 " And Justice hold—thy merits would prevail.
 " Another Goddess will thy cause defend—
 " *Diana** never fails a fav'rite Friend.

" Grace

* Goddess of the Chace.

“ Grace and Good-humour, Harmony and Ease,
“ Must, when united, claim the power to please ;
“ And most will own, if such a Fair there be,
“ Well she deserves—and C—v—H is she.

“ Those towering Sisters wide their plumes display,
“ T—L—T the Fair, and S—L—v the Gay :
“ With rival pride they seem to tread the Green ;
“ Eager to see, and eager to be seen :
“ Pleas’d with themselves, and others sure to please,
“ The tedious hours pass by Them with ease.
“ Well they deserve, and may with justice own,
“ They owe their triumphs to the *Paphian* Throne.

“ The modest P—RK—R, bashful and serene,
“ Seems not to know, what must by all be seen :
“ Her timid nature shuns the Coxcomb’s stare ;
“ Gentle as good, and virtuous as fair..
“ Accomplish’d Dame, thy conduct speaks thy Sense,
“ Breathing soft Love and mild Benevolence.

“ Avaunt;

“ Avaunt, ye gaudy Tribe ! with envy see
“ Youth, Wit, and Beauty, grac'd with Modesty :
“ Herd with yourselves, nor dare to mix with these,
“ Whom Vice alone has given the power to please ;
“ Who, in defiance of all order, reign :
“ Lust and lewd Passion are your venal train ;
“ Art and Hypocrisy adorn each face,
“ And Impudence supplies each want of Grace.

“ But, *Cupid*, see what beauteous crowds appear ;
“ Hark ! how the Virtues hurtle in the air !
“ These chafter Fair for all the Frail atone ;
“ These are the Guardians of the *Paphian* Throne.

“ Lo ! M—LB—GH's Dutchess, free from guile or art,
“ Shews the frail Tribe—'tis Conduct keeps a heart ;
“ That strict attention to Connubial Laws
“ Will ever meet a just, deserv'd applause.

“ How

“ How just a shape ! what symmetry ! what ease !
“ Accomplish'd L—N—N, thou wert form'd to please :
“ Thy towering charms command a fix'd regard,
“ And Virtue brings to thee a sure reward.

“ B—K—Y, behold, with conscious Beauty glows,
“ Her stately tread her form majestic shows :
“ Aloft she towers above each meaner Fair,
“ And, like a Planet, damps each smaller Star.

“ Though small in stature, every praise is due,
“ Sweet smiling, pleasing H—L—N, to you.
“ Nice is thy conduct in superior life,
“ At once the Duchess, and at once the Wife ;
“ With prudent skill hast chose the wiser part,
“ And shunn'd the venom of Detraction's dart.

“ Thy choicest Powers, my Son, at once combine
“ To deck the mild C—D—N's form divine.
“ Crowds upon Crowds on every walk appear ;
“ Each well deserves to find protection here.

H

“ But

- " But—hold ! what beauteous Object strikes my eye ?
 " Surely I view some Favourite of the Sky !
 " What grace of Step ! what dignity of Air !
 " Is it *Minerva* ? No—'tis D—N—R—E.
 " See, at a glance each Beau becomes a Slave ;
 " Can *Venus*' self a greater homage have ?
 " Hail, favourite Fair ! thy long-refounded Name
 " Now reaps the triumph of thy spotless Fame :
 " Thy sterling Worth to all the world appears
 " Brighter and brighter through a length of years.
 " Where is that giddy noise, that vacant roar ?
 " Behold—in silent rapture they adore :
 " All aw'd, abash'd, self-conscious, silent stand—
 " —Well She deserves the Apple from our hand.
 " If Rank superior, with superior Form,
 " If inbred Merit, Sense refulgent, charm ;
 " If Affability, Good-nature, please ;
 " Humanity well plac'd, Decorum, Ease ;
 " If all Perfections in one Mortal shine,
 " The wish'd-for Prize, bright D—v—E, is thine :

" For

" For who, expos'd to each great Knave's device,
 " Could stand, but Thee, in such an age of vice ;
 " Where conduct, nice as thine, could not be free
 " From some spent shafts of envious Calumny ?
 " But tales of malice soon themselves delude ;
 " The poor last efforts of some toothless Prude,
 " Who, sunk themselves, still blast a fairer fame,
 " And only *wish* their trial was the same.
 " Know then, ye sputtering, spiteful, cattish Race,
 " That envy ever brings its own disgrace :
 " If from her height She stoop'd in Freedom's cause,
 " Her Patriot Zeal deserv'd a world's applause ;
 " Nor meanly dare her Character to scan :
 " Know—LIBERTY she lov'd—not CARLO CHAN.

" When I for Beauty gain'd th'immortal Prize,
 " *Pallas* and *Juno*, envious, fought the Skies ;
 " But, hadst Thou there appear'd thus fair, I own
 " You *then* had took—and I resign'd the Crown ;
 " For Sense and Glory did to Beauty yield—
 " —With all united, *Thou* hadst ta'en the Field.

" *Paris,*

“ *Paris*, thus vanquish’d, had slept free from harms,
 “ Nor wish’d, ill fated, for his *Helen*’s arms ;
 “ Your brilliant Virtues had reclaim’d the Boy,
 “ And Charms superior sav’d the fate of *Troy*.

“ Here then I make my choice, ye Powers, see ;
 “ Hence—and attend the new-made Deity.
 “ Ye soft enchanting Smiles, with every Grace,
 “ Laugh in her eye, and wanton in her face :
 “ And every Charm that *Venus* has to give,
 “ All, all as tributes to thy Worth receive.
 “ Though Immortality is not thy own,
 “ Long shalt thou flourish on the *Paphian* Throne ;
 “ And when the Fates inexorable doom
 “ Thy fading Beauties to the silent tomb,
 “ Then shall the Virtues fresh thy memory save,
 “ In wreaths of Glory, and defy the grave.
 “ Then haste, my Son, present this golden Prize
 “ To *virtuous* Beauty as a sacrifice.

She

She said—the busy, airy, mystic Crew
 Oblique descend, and round their Mistress flew :
 Obsequiously they crowd—a jealous scene !
 Each claims a prior right to hail her—Queen,
 On fluttering wing support the given sway,
 And teach all daring Mortals to obey.
 None want a place—for each a beauty found;
 Fearless they circle, and adhere around.
 A Smile in rapture plays about her face,
 Whilst to her bosom steals a tempting Grace:
 She gathers numbers as she moves along,
 And in herself becomes a moving throng.
 (All this unseen by every mortal eye,
 For *Paphian* acts are all a mystery.)

When, lo! young *Cupid*, on his bended knee,
 Thus suppliant hail'd the earthly Deity :

“ Accept, fair D—N—RE, the Prize
 “ Due to the lustre of those beaming Eyes ;
 “ Nor e'en to them, nor to thy Charms *alone*,
 “ But Virtue—Merit bids thee take the Crown.

“ Reign

“ Reign then in glory, and thy Slave command ;

“ Nor shall bold Mortals power like thine withstand.

“ Take this bright Apple—well the Prize will suit.”

He said—and gave the token of *Hesperian* Fruit.

The God ascended, as the words were spoke,

And every Female felt a secret shock ;

Whilst D—V—N—RE serene, unruffled still,

Receiv'd the Prize, and bow'd to *Cupid's* will.

Crowds press around to pay the homage due,

Yet why this mighty impulse no one knew ;

But, though the Tribute was in secret given,

Each thought the powerful Charm must come from Heaven.

Venus, well pleas'd, beheld the new-made Queen,

And, veil'd within a Cloud, ascends unseen.



